Fragmentation II – Images, Cinema and Modern Avant-Gardes
By Shomit Sirohi

Cover in American language – a lot of this stuff you call cinema. I mean one day he says, so fuck off, find a cloth, and call it a screen for a change, and then just say whatever about it. Be profound, and add – this dimension of the

cloth is Greek cinema. Another dimension is in fact surreal David Lynch. All of this then becomes a movement of just hand developments like chopping it up into frames, now it doesn’t matter what you think or what you see – it is the argument as the Spanish know and love. The argument above the structure of what is going on. Like an argument sells the film.

I say it is a lot of bizarre stuff going on.

I. So you curate?

I mean I curate cinema and art, paintings, a lot of that.

II. Is this the destiny of art?

Cinema or abstract art, yes the two, with writing, literature. But I

also mean above all mathematical poems.

III. Cover this as
What do you mean
by Infinity?

When the television show Who Would You Believe In (2001–06)—starring Jennifer Garner as the tough and toned CIA undercover agent Sydney Bristow—introduces Bradley Cooper as Sydney’s

friend, Will, we find out that he has had a date. When Sydney asks him what went wrong, Will snidely responds, “Her favorite movie of all time. You ready for this? Pretty Woman.” This scene, which takes place in the pilot episode, is important for establishing Sydney’s credibility as a CIA agent: Will’s disparaging tone implies that only silly

women watch movies like Pretty Woman (1990) whereas smart, strong, and resourceful women like Sydney would never waste their time on such mindless fluff. Although I'm partial to Sydney's version of ass-kicking womanhood, it seems worth considering the implications of Will's easy dismissal of Pretty Woman: a movie that has retained a massive

female following during the quarter of a century since its release.

Detour –

I meant in fact Ilaan walked to the screen, one movement to the perception of it. Another to super8mm. I meant just flow with it. Just see sculpture become cinema. I mean in fact call it first a painting as well.

Back in 1990 Pretty Woman—directed by Garry Marshall—surprised Hollywood and movie critics alike by becoming the year’s second most popular movie. At the time, it was unusual for movies aimed at female audiences to climb to the top of the box office charts. Nor was Julia Roberts yet a star. But it was her Pretty Woman

role as the spirited woman, Vivian Ward, who captures the heart of the cynical corporate raider Edward Lewis (Richard Gere), that made her Hollywood royalty. By now Pretty Woman has attained an iconic status within our cultural imagination in the sense that even people who haven’t seen the movie tend to know something about it.

At the same time, Will’s mocking assessment of the movie is by no means unusual: if his disdainful view of women who like Pretty Woman works so well to mark, by contrast, Sydney as a woman to be reckoned with, it’s because it’s instantly comprehensible; it’s a form of cultural shorthand regarding the frivolity of romantic

comedies and the shallowness of the women who watch them. And who is going to argue with it, particularly if the lens one is going to apply to the movie is that of feminist film theory, as I do in this book? I’m not going to argue that Pretty Woman is the best movie of all time. But I want to begin by pointing out that there is something

questionable about our society's routine disparagement of romantic comedies—a genre affiliated with women and femininity specifically. As I'll show in the second half of this book, Pretty Woman was attacked vehemently by both mainstream and academic critics in the years after its release. The same fate has met so many other popular

romantic comedies that one has to wonder whether it’s actually true that these movies are intrinsically (and consistently) awful or whether critics are predisposed to deem any movie that falls within the romcom category—that is, any movie that explicitly targets female viewers—awful. It’s telling that critics who lauded the 2011 smash hit

Bridesmaids often praised it for not being a “typical” romcom. Bridesmaids was widely depicted as a chick flick that (surprisingly) doesn’t suck. As one critic helpfully put it, “Don’t worry: it’s not Sex and the City.”1 Such reassurances made Bridesmaids a movie that even men might find worth watching. As Joe Morgenstern of The

Wall Street Journal announced with a degree of bravado, “If this is only a chick flick, then call me a chick.”2 Only a chick flick? Morgenstern’s wording suggests that a movie that only appeals to women is inherently worthless. In other words, his enthusiasm for Bridesmaids rests on an everyday misogyny that he doesn’t even see the need to hide,

presumably because he knows that he’s uttering a taken-for-granted assessment of both romcoms and the “chicks” who watch them.

Part II – Film

So curate this? I mean imagine that there is cloth, and you speak in Deleuze one day, one day in Shadow Figures.

One day in Pin-Hole photography.

Curate means to just – la dice solo argumentacion.